1509|1270

JEHOVAH's MERCY

MADE KNOWN TO

All Mankind in theſe Laſt Days:

OR AN

INVITATION

TO ALL

Men of Religion, to accept the Mercy of the Lord,

AS NOW

Manifeſted by his Meſſenger and Scribe, the Honourable

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

A POEM.

In which the State of the preſent Chriſtian Church—the Miſſion of E. SWEDENBORG—the Prophecies of the Scripture—the Second Advent of the Lord—the Nature and Certainty of his New Kingdom—and the Scripture Proofs of it's Commencement, are impartially conſidered. With an humble Invitation to all Ranks and Orders of Profeſſing Chriſtians, to read the Writings of this Illuminated Author—compare them with holy Writ—give up their Minds to the Truth—and enter into the New Kingdom which the LORD JEHOVAH is now eſtabliſhing.

By J. PROUD.

LONDON:
Printed by R. HINDMARSH,
PRINTER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,
No. 32, Clerkenwell-Cloſe.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

TO ALL SINCERE

Lovers of Goodneſs and Truth.

BELOVED BRETHREN,

TO you I take the Liberty of addreſſing the following Lines, not ſcrupling to proteſs, that upon the moſt *mature*, *impartial*, and *deliberate* Inveſtigation, I do moſt cordially and heartily believe the Honourable EMANUEL SWEDENBORG to be a Meſſenger and Scribe of the LORD, ſent by him, in Divine Mercy, to prepare the Way for the Second Advent of our bleſſed LORD GOD and SAVIOUR. Upon the *fulleſt Conviction*, therefore, I receive him as a divinely illuminated Scribe, and his Writings as containing in them the pure and genuine Doctrines of Heaven. And although his Intercourſe with the Spiritual World be *new*, and many of his Memorable Relations very extraordinary, containing in them ſuch Things as, perhaps, never before entered into the Mind of Man; yet I believe them *real* and *true*, and that there is Nothing in them contrary to the holy Word, or to right Reaſon. I am perſuaded, no *humble*, *unprejudiced*, and *candid* Mind can read the Works of this Author without being convinced that he was taught of GOD. And as it evidently appears to me, that the Second Advent of the LORD is commenced—a New Kingdom begun—and the New Jeruſalem deſcending from Heaven—I cannot help feeling an anxious Solicitude for every upright Perſon to enter in, and be happy. From this Motive it is that I publiſh the following little Poem, *chiefly* deſigned to excite in the Minds of upright Chriſtians a *Deſire* and *Willingneſs* to read the Author's Works for themſelves; and ſhould I be ſo ſucceſsful, as hereby to prevail upon any ſuch Perſons to candidly peruſe the Writings, I ſhall think my Labor well repaid: As I am perſuaded the principal Reaſon why ſerious Chriſtians do not believe in this *laſt* and *moſt glorious Diſpenſation* is, that they have not impartially read and examined for themſelves.

Upon

Upon a Suppoſition that our Author *be not* divinely inſtructed, and that the Laſt Days *are not* commenced, yet, it cannot, I think, do any Perſon Hurt to read his Works: But ſuppoſing *he be* divinely inſpired, and ſent of God—that the Laſt Days *are* begun—and that the LORD *is actually* making his Second Advent,—then, *how great* muſt be our Loſs if we *believe* not, nor *receive him!*

I freely acknowledge, that, like many others, I did reject the Teſtimony of Baron SWEDENBORG, for ſome conſiderable Time—I read a little—diſapproved—and refuſed to read the reſt; but I now as freely own I have unſpeakable Reaſon to bleſs the LORD, that I ever attended to the Advice of a judicious Friend, and read with Care and Impartiality the Writings of this highly illuminated Seer. Happy ſhall I be to know that the following Lines are equally ſucceſsful in exciting many ſerious humble Chriſtians, to read the Heaven-taught Scribe—examine for themſelves—compare his Writings with the Oracles of Truth—and thus enjoy an Increaſe of Divine Knowledge, Truth, and Goodneſs.

The following POEM is not written in the *florid Stile*, embelliſhed with *fine* Epithets, and *gaudy* Figures. Truth wants not any of theſe to adorn it; nor have I Leiſure to gather them. Moreover, I will candidly confeſs, that much of my poetic Fire is loſt, as by many Infirmities, and in ſome Meaſure by Years alſo, I am almoſt diſcarded by the Muſes, nor am I ſolicitous to regain their Favour. Nevertheleſs, I ſhould be ſorry to plead for *mere doggerel Rhime*, or *jingling Nonſenſe;* any Thing below *good Senſe* and *decent Language*, would be an Inſult upon the Public, nor could even the *good Intention* of the Author *excuſe it*. May a Divine Bleſſing accompany a well-meant Endeavour! and then I will be *perfectly indifferent* to the *Cenſure or Applauſe* of *Men*.

J. PROUD.

Norwich, Nov. 1789

JEHOVAH's MERCY, &c.

A POEM.

PART I.

YE Sons of Men of every Name attend,
'Tis GOD invites,—your Saviour and your Friend:
The great JEHOVAH makes his Wonders known,
And *new* Commands are uſher'd from his Throne.
To Mankind new—as now to Man reveal'd,
Open'd in Heav'n, and all the Book unſeal'd.
Now brought to Light the deep Prophetic Page,
So long unknown, conceal'd from Age to Age.
The learn'd and wiſe have ſought and tried in vain,
One Seal to open, or it's Senſe explain.
Hid from their Eyes remain'd the myſtic Word,
Which none can open, ſave the Chriſtian's LORD.
'Tis his Prerogative to bring to Light,
What elſe would lie conceal'd in tenfold Night.
He ſhuts, and none can ope; he opens too,
And brings divineſt Wonders full to View:
When He reveals, the Prophecies are clear,
And hidden Things in ſacred Light appear.
The Time is come, O Chriſtendom ariſe,
Awake to Life, and Light ſhall bleſs your Eyes.
Love not your Darkneſs, but emerge to Day,
And meet with Joy the Night-expelling Ray;
The Sun of Heav'n ariſes on the Soul,
And ſoon his Beams ſhall ſpread from Pole to Pole.
Nor think it ſtrange, tho' He who once was ſlain,
Should, as He promis'd, viſit Man again.
When firſt He came, (tho' long the Holy Word
Had taught the Jews, the Advent of their LORD)
Behold the Iſraelites his Birth diſown—
He liv'd, He taught; but liv'd and taught unknown.
Harden'd in Unbelief their Eyes were clos'd—
Their LORD rejected, and his Love oppos'd.

But few his Mercy own'd—thoſe few were bleſs'd,
And endleſs Ruin overwhelm'd the reſt.
The Goſpel Tidings diſtant Lands receiv'd,
Heathens were call'd—Idolators believ'd,
Gentiles rejoic'd to hear the Saviour's Name,
While Jews blaſphem'd, and ſunk in endleſs Shame.
We execrate their Deeds—their Works condemn,
And yet, how ſtrange it is, we act like them!
E'er ſince the LORD from Olivet aroſe,
In Triumph over Hell, and all his Foes;
Men have been taught, He'll ſurely come again,
Set up a Kingdom, and for ever reign.
But who believes it now the Time is come?
What Heart prepar'd to give JEHOVAH Room?
Where are the Chriſtians whoſe rejoicing Eyes
Behold his Glory beaming in the Skies?
Tell them the Prophecies SHALL be fulfill'd,
They own it true, and ready Credence yield:
Tell them they *are* accompliſh'd, *all deny*,
Tho' none attempts a ſolid Reaſon why.
But how ſhall Men of Scripture judge aright,
Immers'd in Error, Evil, and in Night?
Till Truth Divine illuminate the Mind,
'Tis Darkneſs all, and Reaſon's Self is blind.
For Truth alone can chace the Clouds away,
Expel the Night, and give Meridian Day.
That Day begins to dawn, the Beams Divine
Break from above, and on our Nation ſhine.
The humble, upright Mind that Light obtains,
While Darkneſs dwells where Unbelief remains.
Ere firſt our LORD appear'd, He kindly ſent
His Servant John, to bid the World repent:
The Herald he of the approaching Day,
Call'd to prepare his heav'nly Maſter's Way.
Some heard his Miſſion—went beneath the Flood,
And gladly own'd the Meſſenger of GOD:
By Penitence prepar'd, receiv'd the LORD,
Enter'd his Kingdom, and believ'd his Word.
So in theſe latter Days the LORD hath giv'n
The Chriſtian Church a Meſſenger from Heav'n,
Inſpir'd by Light Divine to preach and tell
Long hidden Wonders both of Heav'n and Hell.
But chiefly call'd to ſhew, in Jeſu's Name,
His Second Advent, and the Time proclaim;

To

To open Myſteries of the holy Word,
As late reveal'd, and taught him by the Lord;
It's ſacred, inward, heav'nly Senſe explain,
That Truth no longer may in Clouds remain.
Darkneſs and Error long have clos'd the Eyes
Of all Mankind, the ignorant and wiſe.
Synods and Councils ſwell'd with haughty Pride,
Have join'd their Pow'r to ſet the Word aſide;
Made Laws and Canons ſuited to their Mind,
And caſt the holy Laws of GOD behind.
Church Rulers, Teachers, fond of Pow'r and Sway,
Have taught the World their Syſtems to obey;
Till Chriſtianity is known no more,
By Prieſt or People, learned, rich or poor,
Except a few, ah! 'tis a few indeed,
Whoſe Souls in ſecret for theſe Evils bleed;
To theſe deep Mourners, lo! Salvation's near,
To theſe the LORD Himſelf will ſoon appear.
Ye upright Minds of ev'ry Name and Land,
Rejoice, for your Redemption is at Hand;
From Darkneſs, Error, Falſehood, you ſhall riſe,
And Heav'n's bright Sun direct you to the Skies.
To theſe, with Joy, I dedicate my Lay,
And join with them to hail the riſing Day.
Come then ye Souls ſincere, diſpos'd to prove
The Heights and Depths of Jeſu's Truth and Love;
Come to the Springs where living Waters flow,
And all the Wonders of his Kingdom know.
You have believ'd Divine Predictions giv'n,
And long have waited for the LORD from Heav'n;
Prophetic Pages have been your Delight,
Tho' dimly ſeen through Error's ſable Night:
Yet you believ'd the Day would come again,
And GOD Himſelf his myſtic Word explain;
Your Faith and Hope were built on ſolid Ground,
And rolling Suns have wheel'd the Period round.
Now is the Time the Nations may be bleſs'd,
And waiting, weary Souls enjoy their Reſt.
The LORD Himſelf a Meſſenger beſtows,
Who, like to John, before his Maſter goes:
'Tis to prepare the Way, the Clouds remove,
That veil'd from Man, JEHOVAH's Truth and Love.
Sweden the favour'd Land from which he came,
And SWEDENBORG the holy Prophet's Name

Noble his Birth—his Fortune—and his State,
Lov'd by his Prince, in Rank and Office great,—
With human Science, Wiſdom, Learning bleſs'd,
A Name unblemiſh'd—and by Man careſs'd.
But he deſcended from his envied Seat,
And laid his Honors down at Jeſu's Feet.
Like Levi, he obey'd the Call of GOD,
Like Paul, conferr'd no more with Fleſh and Blood.
To him *his* LORD *appear'd* in radiant Light,
Made him his Scribe, and taught him what to write;
Open'd ſurprizing Wonders long conceal'd,
And to his View the unknown World reveal'd;
Both Heav'n and Hell to him were open laid,
And holy Angels his Companions made.
Inſpir'd with Wiſdom from the Fount above,
And taught the Lengths and Breadths of Jeſu's Love—
His Miſſion ſeal'd—and his Credentials giv'n,
Lo! he comes forth the Meſſenger of Heav'n.
No grand Parade aſſumes—nor pompous Names—
High ſounding Titles SWEDENBORG diſclaims—
An *humble Scribe*—to publiſh to the Land,
That our JEHOVAH's Advent is at Hand—
Unfold the Page prophetic, and declare
The grand Events *fulfill'd*, long written there,
The *Senſe internal* of the Word reveal,
And holy Correſpondences unſeal;—
Exhibit ſacred Truth in Scripture Light,
Error detect, and lead to what is right.
The Chriſtian Church he proves is now decay'd,
It's Mid-day Glory loſt, and ſunk in Shade.
Long ſince Idolatry was uſher'd in,
Follow'd by Falſehoods, vain Conceits, and Sin;
The Truths and Laws of Heaven ſet aſide,
And human Doctrines taught by human Pride.
The holy Word perverted and profan'd,
And all it's Splendor by falſe Gloſſes ſtain'd.
The ſacred Temple made a Houſe of Trade,
It's priſtine Beauty all in Ruin laid.
No more the golden Sun of Love is ſeen,
No Traces left where Faith Divine has been;
The Stars are darken'd—Truth's fair Lamp no more
Illumes the Church, it's glorious Day is o'er:
'Tis *ſunk*, *vaſtated*, *fallen*—Chriſtians, fly,
Nor in it's dreadful Ruins ſtay and die.

But

But ah! the *true* Report who will believe?
The friendly Warning thankfully receive?
When Noah told the Church before the Flood,
Their ſad Relapſe from Righteouſneſs and GOD,—
Their fallen State,—and call'd them to repent,
Leſt on them fell the threaten'd Puniſhment;
He preach'd—he cry'd—he warn'd their Souls in vain,
Harden'd and obſtinate they ſtill remain;
But lo, the Storm deſcends!—too late they cry,
They ſink in Ruin—and by Millions die!

PART II.

AND is the Chriſtian Church in Ruins laid?
Her Love, her Faith, and Charity decay'd?
Say wond'rous Teacher—Servant of the LORD,
What Proof of her Deſtruction, from the Word?
To that the Prophet ſurely muſt appeal,
And by the Page Divine his Meſſage ſeal,
To this bleſs'd Book, the Seer directs our Eyes,
And proves by Doctrines, Truths, and Prophecies,
The Church vaſtated, ſunk, and at her End,
And to the Word appeals for all he penn'd.
No random Prophecy, or Gueſſes blind—
Or wild Predictions of a crazy Mind—
No ſubtle Sophiſtry—or learn'd Diſguiſe,
Enthuſiaſtic Rant, or cunning Lies—
No artful Legend—no romantic Tales,
Or monkiſh Craft, conceal'd by pious Veils,
No Madman he—or of diſorder'd Head,
Poſſeſs'd by Devils, by Infernals led:
'Tho' like his Maſter, branded, and defam'd
By *ſcoffing Men* unworthy to be nam'd:
But taught of GOD—by Wiſdom's Self inſpir'd,
And with a holy Zeal for Jeſus fir'd,
He plainly ſhews the fallen Church her State,
Nor courts the Smiles of Men, or fears their Hate;
True to his Miſſion, faithful to his LORD,
He ſounds on Babel's Mount JEHOVAH's Word.

From

From ſacred Truth the Heav'n-taught Prophet proves
The Church defil'd by her polluted Loves,
To Whoredoms—groſs Adultery is given,
And bows to Idols, tho' betroth'd to Heav'n.
More GODS than One, her erring Sons have own'd,
And thus the LORD and *only* GOD dethron'd.
Moſt awful Error this—from which ariſe
Such Clouds of Falſehood as have veil'd the Skies;
The great Abomination this has been,
To let the dreadful Deſolation in.
Ten thouſand Evils follow in it's Train,
The holy Place defil'd—and Truth is ſlain:
Human Inventions fill the holy Place,
Expel the bleſſed Laws of Truth and Grace;—
Tradition, Error, Falſehood take the Seat,
And tread the living Word beneath their Feet.
The great JEHOVAH, faithful, loving GOD,
A Moloch painted with an Iron Rod,
Decreeing Millions to eternal Death,
Ere Man was form'd, or firſt receiv'd his Breath.
The Father burning with terrific Ire,
Dooming the human Race to endleſs Fire.
The Son more mild, becomes a Sacrifice,
And for a choſen Few in Pity dies:
Atones the Father's Wrath, that theſe may prove
The nameleſs Bleſſings of his purchas'd Love;
For *theſe*, and *only theſe* the Saviour bleeds,
And now for *theſe alone* he intercedes.
The Spirit too, another GOD, deſcends,
Applies the Saviour's Merits to his Friends;
That they are choſen doth the Earneſt give,
And by impulſive Power bids them live;
Covers their Sins with Jeſu's Righteouſneſs,
And makes them holy in this ſpotleſs Dreſs;
The Witneſs gives, that Sin is now forgiv'n,
And lo! at length they all aſcend to Heav'n.
The reſt are left in their unhappy State,
Bound o'er to Hell by an eternal Fate.
No Mercy for them found—no Saviour theſe,
Condemn'd and loſt, by pre-ordain'd Decrees.
If Heav'n they ſeek, behold they ſeek in vain,
They're loſt; and 'tis but Folly to complain.
Such are the Doctrines, and a thouſand more,
Which enter'd in, when Satan ope'd the Door:

That Door was open'd, when at *Nice* were met
Biſhops and Doctors all in Council ſet:
'Twas then the wounded Church began to bleed,
Stab'd in it's Vitals by the Nicene Creed.
'Twas then the mighty Deluge enter'd in,
Of Falſehood—Error—Darkneſs—Death, and Sin.
'Twas then the *Man* of Sin advanc'd his Head,
And Antichriſt his baneful Influence ſhed.
The Plagues foretold, cloſe follow'd at his Heels,
And ſoon were open'd all the dreadful Seals.
Long, dark, and awful was the Chriſtian Night,
With ſcarce a cheering Ray of Goſpel Light.
Iniquity abounded, Love grew cold,
And in the Temple Merchants bought and ſold:
Religion all was loſt, except the Name,
And thus the Church to Deſolation came.
Reader, impartially her Hiſtory view,
Then ſearch the Word, you'll find her Ruin true:
Our holy Seer doth all her Fall explain,
Read him with Care—nor deem your Labour vain.
To ſhew the Church her State, to him was giv'n,
He learn'd his Wiſdom not from Man, but Heav'n.
Divinely taught to paint her ſad Decay,
No wild Conjecture led his Mind aſtray.
Plain are the Facts, predicted in the Word,
And faithful told, as order'd by the LORD.
Nor think it ſtrange, tho' great the Favour prove,
Our GOD is full of Kindneſs, Truth, and Love.
He ſends in Mercy Servants to declare
His holy Will—and humble Hearts prepare,
For thoſe Events, which ſurely will take Place,
Whether they're Works of Judgment or of Grace.
Tho' haughty Sinners may his Ways deſpiſe,
Harden their Hearts, and proudly cloſe their Eyes;
Yet ſhall the upright Souls his Wonders learn,
And Myſteries long conceal'd with Joy diſcern.
When Light Divine breaks in upon the Mind,
The faithful Soul ſhall rich Inſtruction find.
When firſt the LORD deſcended from the Skies,
With Light and Truth he bleſs'd the blinded Eyes;
The humble, lowly Minds he freely taught,
And full to View the ancient Scriptures brought.
They ſaw the Time was come—the happy Day,
When Chriſt ſhould take the Sins of Men away.

They

They ſaw the Jewiſh Church was ſunk in Night,
And void of Love, Faith, Charity, and Light.
They knew the LORD would leave them as his Foes,
To bear the Vengeance of prophetic Woes.
They learnt, the LORD another Church would raiſe,
Which ſhould receive their King, and ſhew his Praiſe;
Founded in Truth, and principled in Love,
And one in Heart and Life with thoſe above.
Divinely taught, they thankfully receiv'd
JEHOVAH's Mercy, and his Name believ'd.
Strait from the ruin'd Temple they withdrew,
Left the Old fallen Church, and join'd the New.
Soon they beheld the dreadful Havock made,
And the forſaken Fold in Aſhes laid:
The ſtubborn Race rejected Jeſu's Reign;
They ſunk, they fell, and never roſe again.
While *theſe* went forth in Jeſu's honor'd Name,
And all the World reſounded with his Fame,
From Land to Land the Goſpel Tidings flew,
And lo! the Infant Church to Thouſands grew.
Apoſtles preach'd the Word from Place to Place,
Declar'd the Saviour's *new diſcover'd* Grace;
Sinners believ'd the all-reviving Word,
And ran to meet their kind redeeming LORD;
Enter'd his holy Temple with Delight,
And Midnight Shades were chang'd to Morning Light.
The Sun of Heav'n with brighter Glory ſhone,
From Pole to Pole his cheering Beams were known.
Where'er the Goſpel came, the Darkneſs fled,
And Jeſu's powerful Voice awoke the Dead.
Love, Charity, and Faith reviv'd again,
And O how happy was the Saviour's Reign!
In Smiles of Joy was all Creation clad,
Angels rejoic'd, and ev'ry Heart was glad.
The Heav'ns were open'd on the Sons of Men,
And Angels viſited the Earth again.
Say, Reader, ſay, how great the Joy muſt prove,
When thus the Church was bleſs'd with Peace and Love!
Come then, behold, your GOD is come again,
And will on Earth in *brighter* Glory reign.
The Sequel of my Lay may you believe,
And with a thankful Heart your GOD receive!

PART III.

THE Time is come—the Church is now no more,
Her Sun is ſet—her Judgment-day is o'er.
Thus taught the Seer, inſpir'd by Heav'n to tell,
What caus'd her Ruin, and by what ſhe fell.
But lo! the Glooms of Night are chas'd away,
The Morning dawns, and brings a glorious Day:
Jeſus ſhall now his Word of Truth fulfill,
And reign in Zion, his moſt holy Hill;
His Kingdom, long foretold, in Grandeur riſe,
And all it's peerleſs Glory meet our Eyes;
A Kingdom this built by JEHOVAH's Hand,
Secure from Change, and ſhall *for ever* ſtand:
The NEW JERUSALEM divinely bright,
Where reigns eternal Day without a Night.
The holy City this—the ſpotleſs Bride,
Where GOD Himſelf for ever will reſide.
Long ſince the lov'd Diſciple ſaw it's Frame,
Deſcrib'd it's Glory, and declar'd it's Name:
He ſaw, and that was all; but we ſhall prove
It's boundleſs Treaſures both of Truth and Love.
The Gates are open, all may enter in,
Who freely part with Falſehood and with Sin:
And *only ſuch;* for none who are unclean,
Within the holy City ſhall be ſeen.
Jeſus the LORD a ſecond Time is come,
Be every Heart prepar'd to give him Room!
The Books are open, Prophecy unſeal'd,
And GOD Himſelf in Glory ſtands reveal'd:
With tenfold Beams the ſacred Pages ſhine,
The Church is Holy, and her Light Divine.
The darkſome Clouds that veil'd the bleſſed Word,
Now fly before the Preſence of the LORD.
With wondrous Power and Glory he makes known
The long concealed Councils of his Throne:
For taught of GOD, the happy Church ſhall be
Preſerv'd from every dang'rous Error free.
The holy Meſſenger, inſpir'd to tell
The hidden Myſteries of Heaven and Hell,
Hath all the Errors of the Church diſclos'd,
Her Doctrines falſe, and Evils too expos'd:

And by ſuperior Light and Wiſdom giv'n,
Open'd the Doctrines and the Truths of Heav'n.
Founded on Truth and Love, this Church ſhall riſe,
Each Member holy, and divinely wiſe.
The firſt grand Truth which all her Sons will own,
Is, JESUS CHRIST is GOD, and GOD *Alone*.
Now ſhall our GOD be known in *Perſon One*,
And One JEHOVAH reign from Sun to Sun.
To *Three* JEHOVAHS Men ſhall bow no more;
But *One* in Perſon and in Name adore:
In his Divine Humanity array'd,
And viſible to all his Servants made.
As perfect GOD and perfect Man he lives,
And Life to all in Earth and Heaven gives.
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt is He,
The pure and *undivided* Deity.
His Love and Wiſdom next the Prophet ſhews,
Thro' Heav'n and Earth to all his Creatures flows:
Divinely bleſſing all the human Race;
For he withholds from none his Truth or Grace.
A GOD *of Order*—righteous all his Ways,
And all Creation ſhall proclaim his Praiſe.
Redemption's glorious Work, ſo long miſtook,
Is now unfolded by the ſacred Book:
It's Nature, End, Extent, and grand Deſign,
Work of a GOD, in all it's Parts Divine.
Next Man—his Body—Soul—his Nature—State,
And all that doth to Man, as Man, relate
Either in Life or Death, is now explain'd,
Tho' hidden theſe from Age to Age remain'd.
Man, wouldſt thou know thyſelf? our Author read,
He will thy Soul to *ſolid Wiſdom* lead.
WHAT IS THE SOUL—'tis given him to tell,
And what the State of Man in Heav'n and Hell:
Eternal Life and Death are now made known,
Hell's Mis'ry told, and heav'nly Glories ſhewn.
What Man ſhall be, when this frail Life ſhall end,
Whether he die a Foe to God, or Friend.
The vain Conceits of Men—their idle Dreams—
Human Inventions, and Fleſh-pleaſing Themes,—
Falſe Doctrines—old Traditions—Errors blind—
Evils and Falſes of the fallen Mind,
Are all detected, and ſhall fade away,
Before the Beams of this reſplendent Day.

The Truths and Laws of Jeſu's glorious Riſe,
And the *true Light* illume the Chriſtian's Eyes.
The perfect Doctrines of the LORD be taught,
And human Syſtems to Deſtruction brought.
This holy Kingdom ſhall with Truth abound,
Her Subjects all with Love and Wiſdom crown'd;—
"*Taught of the* LORD"—our happy Motto prove,
And ev'ry Soul a Form of Truth and Love.
Peace and Proſperity in Zion reign;
For GOD Himſelf dwells in the Church again.

PART IV.

COME then ye Souls who after Truth aſpire,
And feel the noble Flame of holy Fire;
Who thirſt to drink at Wiſdom's ſacred Spring—
Eat Bread Divine, and banquet with your King:
Come leave the muddy Streams, defil'd, impure,
Nor more in Egypt's broken Walls endure.
Behold her fallen!—ſee her ſad Decay,
And from her mould'ring Ruins come away;
Leſt on your Heads the broken Pillars fall,
And you, too late, for glad Deliv'rance call.
From Error, Falſehood, Sin, you're call'd to part,
And give no more to *Idol* GODS your Heart:
To Antichriſt no longer bend the Knee,
But break your Fetters, and like Men be free.
What tho' *Ten Thouſand* circle you around,
Pleas'd with their Chains—*delighted* tho' they're bound:
Their Reaſon ſhackled by mere human Creeds,
Of Error fond—as fond of evil Deeds:
'Tis your's to riſe from Bondage and from Night,
Aſſert your Freedom, and emerge to Light.
Search for yourſelves—our Prophet's Works attend,
And read them ere you cenſure or commend.
"*But he's a Madman:*" ſo his Foes have ſaid,
So ſpake the Jews of Chriſt our LORD and Head.
"*He hath a Devil, and is mad,*" they cry;
But Men of Reaſon knew 'twas all a Lye.

" *But he's deluded—his Relations ſeem*
Built on the baſeleſs Fabrick of a Dream:"
The Prophets, were not they deluded too?
Why ſhould we judge *their wond'rous Viſions* true?
What John beheld, how ſtrange, how wild, and vain!
No Doubt theſe Sceptics think *he* crack'd *his Brain.*
" *But Viſions now have ceas'd,*" the Learned ſay;
And muſt we then be juſt as blind as they?
Doth holy Writ the End of theſe declare?
No, the reverſe is plainly written there.
" *But all the Chriſtian World his Works condemn:*"
And why? Becauſe he doth not *flatter* them;
But like a faithful Scribe he brings to View,
How *falſe* their *Faith*—THEIR LIFE how *evil* too.
" *But Men of upright Life, the Learn'd and Wiſe,*
" *Deny his Doctrines, and his Works deſpiſe:*"
Some ſuch there are, by Syſtems led aſtray,
And theſe believe that *none are right but they:*
But would you for yourſelf a Judgment make,
The Counſel of a Friend and Brother take.
Our Prophet read with an unbias'd Mind,
Search hard for Truth, and Truth you'll ſurely find.
None ever yet *thus* read his Writings o'er,
Who judg'd the Author, as they judg'd before;
None ever read him with impartial Care,
But ſaw the *Heav'n-taught holy Prophet* there.
Convicted, they have been conſtrain'd to own,
The Seer was taught of GOD, and GOD alone.
Aſtoniſh'd at his Wiſdom, they believ'd,
And with a thankful Heart the Truth receiv'd.
But ſhould you own his Miſſion is Divine,
Leave the Old Church, and to the New incline;
Should you in Heart and Life the Truth embrace,
Receive *indeed* the new-diſcover'd Grace;
Mark what I ſay, both Earth and Hell will riſe,
And ev'ry Art employ to cloſe your Eyes:
Without, within, you'll find a Hoſt of Foes;
Who will a thouſand Ways the Truth oppoſe,
The World, Profeſſors, and Infernals too,
Will all unite, and try what they can do;
They'll tempt, perſuade *it is Deluſion all,*
And ſeem to pity your unhappy Fall.
Be faithful then to Truth—your Foes ſhall yield,
And you ſhall ſtand the Victor of the Field.

Behold,

Behold, when Jeſus in our Nature came,
How few receiv'd his Word, or own'd his Name:
And *theſe* were tempted every Way, to fly
From Jeſu's Doctrine, and the LORD deny.
Scribes—Doctors--Rulers—Prieſts—the Learn'd and Wiſe,
Saw Jeſu's Servants with indignant Eyes;
They join'd Infernals—ev'ry Art employ'd,
That Jeſus and his Church might be deſtroy'd.
It ſtood, it grew, in Spite of Hell it roſe,
And trod beneath it's Feet it's mighty Foes.
So ſhall it be now GOD is come again—
He comes to bind his Foes, and glorious reign.
The New Jeruſalem is now his Seat,
And Death and Hell are trod beneath his Feet.
His holy Kingdom ſhall ſuperior riſe,
Built on his Truth, and founded in the Skies.
His ſubjects all ſhall dwell in Light Divine,
Their Sun no more ſhall ſet—but ever ſhine;
Wiſdom and Truth ſhall Reaſon's Lamp inſpire,
The Heart enflam'd by pure celeſtial Fire;
Love, *Love Divine*, the happy Church pervade,
And ev'ry Soul in Robes of White array'd,
Holy and pure, with Truth and Goodneſs bleſs'd,
And fervent Charity by all expreſs'd:
Union, and Harmony, and Joy abound,
And lovely Peace once more on Earth be found.
No jarring Diſcord, Wrangling, and Debate—
Offspring of Pride, of Envy, and of Hate:
No domineering Spirit, fond of Sway,
Shall riſe to rule, and bid the Church obey.
No ſad Diviſions ſhall in Pieces tear,
Nor Names and Parties fight and quarrel there;
But meek and loving, peaceable and mild,
As Angels wiſe—but humble as a child.
Each loving each, affectionate and kind,
All like their LORD of meek and lowly Mind.
Nor think it ſtrange, ideal all, and vain,
That ſuch a Church ſhould dwell on Earth again:
No, no, 'tis real all—it ſhall be ſo;
For GOD Himſelf will dwell with Men below;
In this Jeruſalem erect his Throne,
And in our bleſſed City reign alone;
Himſelf will be it's Glory and it's Light,
And Death, and Sin, and Hell, be put to Flight.

All

All ſhall be *holy, faithful, righteous, true,*
" Old Things are done away, and all Things *new.*"
Here ſhall the Sun of Love for ever ſhine,
His radiant Beams are Heat and Light Divine:
Rivers of living Waters ſhall be found,
The Tree of Life with richeſt Fruits abound;
Each Member here behold JEHOVAH's Face,
Feaſt on his Love, and ever ſhare his Grace.
With ev'ry Good and Truth be freely bleſs'd,
Reign with their LORD in everlaſting Reſt.
Come then my fellow Chriſtians, GOD invites,—
He bids you come, and taſte theſe rich Delights:
" Fly out of Babylon my ſons, he cries,
" For he who longer ſtays in Babel, dies:
" Her Plagues you'll feel, if in her Walls you dwell,
" And drink with her the bitter Cup in Hell."
Riſe then, Profeſſors, riſe, and come away,
Nor in the fallen Church one Moment ſtay.
Suffer not Pride to keep thee in the wrong,
Nor fatal Prejudice your Stay prolong.
If Error, Falſehood, have involv'd in Night,
It is your Honor to emerge to Light.
If others love their Chains, nor will be free,
Break thou thy Bonds, and riſe to Liberty.
Should ſome for Lucre, long-taught Cuſtoms hold—
Prefer to Truth their Dignity or Gold;
And in the deſolated Church abide,
Thro' Fear of Man, ſome earthly Loſs, or Pride:
If ſome, tenacious of their former Views,
Divine Inſtruction fooliſhly refuſe;
And deem all others mad, deluded Fools,
Bewitch'd by ſome Impoſtor's frantic Rules;
Yet for thyſelf make Judgment, nor comply
With *this* or *that* without *good Reaſon* why.
If now the Church is led by Truth Divine,
Still there abide, nor from her Laws decline.
But if in Falſehood—Darkneſs ſhe abound,
Her Stakes all rotten—Pillars all unſound;
The tottering Temple inſtantly forſake,
Fly for thy Life, for lo! thy Life's at Stake.
If you'll inquire with an impartial Mind,
And ſearch for Truth in Love—you'll ſurely find.
If bare Curioſity, or vain Deſire,
Your Motive be, you'll fruitleſsly inquire.

Too many *thus* have read our holy Sage,
Lampoon'd his Works—reviled ev'ry Page:
So Thouſands too have read the ſacred Word,
Prophan'd it's Truth, and diſbeliev'd the LORD.
But if with humble Mind you can attend
To what the Scribe of GOD from GOD hath penn'd;
You'll own his Miſſion—all his Doctrines own,
Nor doubt that he was taught of GOD alone;
That he's the faithful Meſſenger of Heaven,
To Man in theſe dark Ages freely giv'n.
You'll know, his Doctrines with the Word agree,
And holy Truth in native Beauty ſee:
That Jeſus Chriſt deſcends to Men again,—
Builds a New Church—and in that Church will reign.
The holy City full before your Eyes,
In all it's peerleſs Excellence will riſe.
His Meſſage then you'll thankfully embrace,
And own with Joy the new-diſcover'd Grace.
Reader, whoe'er thou art, turn not away,
Nor pour Contempt upon my humble Lay:
Fain I'd direct thy Soul along the Road,
Which leads to the fair Temple of thy GOD.
Happy to ſee thy well-directed Feet
Tread ſacred Ground, and walk the golden Street;
Brought from Old Babel to a better Home,
A Subject of Jeruſalem become.
Tho' weak the Inſtrument—but ſmall my Aid,
If GOD approves, it will be uſeful made.
Should it direct one Fellow-Sinner right,
Or be to any, one faint Ray of Light,
For that I'll bleſs the LORD.—To him be giv'n
Praiſe—Glory—Power—by all on Earth and Heaven!
AMEN.

FINIS.

LIST of BOOKS

Sold by R. HINDMARSH, Clerkenwell-Close, London.

	£.	s.	d.
1. ARCANA CŒLESTIA, Vol. 1, 2, 3, 4,	1	5	6
2. A Brief Exposition of the Doctrine of the New Church; or a Contrast between the Faith of the Old, and the Faith of the New Church	0	3	0
3. True Christian Religion, or the Universal Theology of the New Church	0	15	0
4. A Treatise on the Nature of Influx, or of the Communication between Soul and Body	0	1	6
5. A Treatise concerning Heaven and Hell	0	6	0
6. Of the New Jerusalem and it's Heavenly Doctrine	0	4	0
7. The Doctrine of the New Jerusalem concerning the Lord	0	2	0
8. The Doctrine of the New Jerusalem concerning the Sacred Scripture	0	2	0
9. The Doctrine of Life for the New Jerusalem	0	1	6
10. Of the Earths in the Universe, and their Inhabitants	0	2	6
11. The Psalms of David, with a Summary Exposition of the Internal Sense	0	3	0
12. Of the White Horse mentioned in the Revelation, Chap. XIX. with curious Remarks on the Souls of Beasts, and the Life of Vegetables	0	1	0
13. A Treatise concerning the Last Judgment, and the Destruction of Babylon, which took Place in the Spiritual World in the Year 1757	0	2	6
14. Angelic Wisdom concerning Divine Love and Divine Wisdom	0	6	0
15. Angelic Wisdom concerning Divine Providence	0	7	6
16. The Liturgy of the New Church	0	1	0
17. Minutes of a General Conference of the Members of the New Church, held in Great East-Cheap, London, in April 1789	0	0	6
18. Minutes for 1790, and 1791, each	0	0	3
19. Wisdom's Dictates	0	1	6
20. The New Magazine of Knowledge concerning Heaven and Hell, and the Universal World of Nature, continued Monthly, each Number	0	0	6
21. An Eulogium delivered on the Death of the Hon. E. Swedenborg	0	0	6
22. A Short Account of the Hon. E. Swedenborg, and his Theological Writings	0	0	6